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BEING

THE VERSE, LIBRETTO AND

COVER DESIGN FOR A

REJUVENATED

PINE CONE

"In days of old
When news was bold
We printed naughty stories
But we are sure
That NOW *we're pure*
*Not so our contempo-*ROARies*!"*

Bed Time Story for Tired Competitors

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little boy who had a great big rain barrel all his own. From time to time he hollered down this rain barrel. Being the only rain barrel in town the echo was sometimes pretty loud.

This little boy knew some big words, words that he wasn't altogether sure of, but they made a nice sound in his long established rain barrel. Big words like "obscenity," "vulgarity" and "lewdness" were the only things he could think of to holler when the catastrophe occured.

"Why Grandmother what big words you have!"
"The better to fool you with, dearie!"

The catastrophe was the coming of another and another and another rain barrel. Into which various and sundry little boys made such cacophony that the long-established rain barrel couldn't make its echoes heard.

Of course, like all little boys, some of these boys were bad little boys. They knew bad, nasty words like "cocyx" and they hollered them to such an extent that one little boy's rain barrel collapsed. So the first little boy said "goody, goody, goody! See what a high standard has my long-established rain barrel."

So happy was the first little boy that he began to throw mud. He filled his rain barrel until it was overflowing.

And then one day his old, old rain barrel, unable to withstand such hypocritical echoes as "lasciviousness" and "decency," hollered in the same breath so that no one heard them, died.

Of course this isn't a true story, kiddies, otherwise it would have a happy, happy ending. A law would be passed entitling a village to only one rain barrel and little boys that started other rain barrels—why "their publishers would be liable to arrest for printing lewd and lascivious matter."

And Peter Rabbit went hippety-hop, hippety-hop, crying "good nighty, little kiddies!"

—P. O'C.

This Year's Summer Plans As Outlined By Carmel's Dramatic Organizations

By EDWARD G. KUSTER

Some weeks ago the Secretary of the Playhouse Association announced summer plays at the Community Playhouse on the weekends of July 4th, July 26th and August 9th.

The only other organizations announcing production dates are the Carmel Community Players group, who have scheduled a production at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the weekend of May 30th, and the Serra Festival Committee, which will produce the Serra Play on the last weekend in August.

The Forest Theater group have not yet determined, so our Association is informed, on either dates or titles of productions. However, if they should decide to play on the July 4th weekend, when there are usually enough strangers here to fill six theatres, a joint publicity program will solve any possible difficulty.

Accordingly the editorial appearing recently in one of Carmel's many weekly journals of news and comment, predicting and deploring a "dramatic war" seems a little premature, however fully I may agree with the general sentiments therein expressed. The principal idea underlying the article, to which we fervently add "amen," is that the public is not interested in the "wrangling of dramatic organizations."

I believe that the Peninsula may look forward to a summer of good plays, with all hatchets buried or thrown into the sea.

By W. T. MACDOUGAL, *Secretary*
CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYERS

The statement in a recent publication that a dramatic war is brewing, came as a surprise to the members of the Carmel Community Players. No action which would support such a statement has been taken by the Directors, or by any of the committees. Nor can I make any surmise as to what some individual may have said that would justify such an assertion. Any publication on the Peninsula would do well to ask "war" correspondents to confirm reports of this kind.

The only entertainments the Players have given the public in two years of operation have been presented on its stage or given in the Green Room. It is hoped that it will not be necessary to put on a scrap just to advertise the abundance of dramatic talent, the opportunities for its exercise and the warm appreciation to be found in Carmel.

By HENRY F. DICKINSON, *President*
FOREST THEATER

The prophecy of a war of the local theatres this summer is, so far as the Forest Theater is concerned, based on no current facts.

For twenty-four years the Forest Theater has produced a play the week of the Fourth of July and will doubtless continue to do so for many years to come.

There is no question of competition here. We are not infringing on the rights of any other organization.

For eight years—or at least, whenever he was producing plays in the summer—Edward Kuster has staged something on the week of the Fourth. This is not a new situation. While it would unquestionably be better for both if only one production was available to the public at that time, it would be difficult, in view of the property values and overhead involved, to settle which should abdicate to the other.

The Forest Theater has always been a community enterprise. All who care to work in it are welcomed, and it is hoped this summer the Carmel Community Players will combine with us in one or more productions.

There should be no clash of dates.

The Villager • Carmel-by-the-Sea • California

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Irvin Cobb in "Villager" Interview Says Magazine "Very Smart." Thanks, Irvin!

An Exclusive Carmel Interview
by Edward Files

Irvin S. Cobb, author of world reknown, and his charming daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Alston Brody), also a writer of such genius that she already threatens to steal a great share—if not all—of her famous father's laurels, graciously consented to an interview with a staff reporter from The Villager at the lovely home of Mrs. Sidney Fish, where they have been staying during the past week.

When the reporter arrived in the late afternoon, he was immediately ushered into a large, flower-covered patio and introduced to Mrs. Brody, who was telling Mrs. Fish and a group of friends of her trip by plane from Hollywood to the Peninsula. Mr. Cobb, it was explained, was out with Frank Sheridan, who is an old crony of his, but would be back at any moment.

The former Miss Cobb, who was the center of conversation, went on, with all the flavor and skill of a born story-teller, to tell of the gigantic Hearst estate near San Simeon where she had stopped over for a few days en route while Mr. Cobb came on to Carmel.

The chill of the late afternoon sent the party inside where, warmed by delicious tea and a roaring fire, the conversation changed to the horrors of kidnapping.

Conversation was still bordering on this subject when Mr. Cobb, dressed in a dark green coat, riding breeches and boots, and Frank Sheridan got out of a car and came, arm in arm, up the walk. After being introduced, and unconsciously betraying rare good humor, Mr. Cobb greeted his daughter, whom he addressed as "Buff," which is her nickname.

Cobb then inquired about "Steve" who, it was later learned, is his daughter's husband, Alston Brody, a New York banker, flyer, and World War ace. The nickname "Steve" was given him, explained Cobb, after the original "Steve Brody" who, in the '90's, made the famous leap from Brooklyn Bridge in New York City.

Mrs. Brody said that she had heard from Steve that very day and that he was planning, after business hours Friday, to fly to Hollywood, where she expects to return the latter part of this week to attend a dinner given in her honor by the Writer's Club, visit with her and fly back in time to be at his New York bank when it opens Monday morning.

The Fox Film Company is to start work soon on the screen version of Mrs. Brody's latest book "She Was a Lady," in which Helen Twelvetrees will be starred.

"I don't know where I get my genius but I know where she gets hers," replied Mr. Cobb, when asked what he thought of his daughter as a novelist.

When asked what he thought of Carmel and the Monterey Peninsula, Mr. Cobb stated that he intends to live here some day.

"It is one of my greatest dreams to live somewhere within the radius of a hundred miles of San Francisco," he said, "but, like most dreams, this one will probably never come true.

"I consider San Francisco one of the nicest, most civilized communities on the North American continent, and this section of California the most beautiful, and, if I ever possibly can, this is where I am going to live."

When asked what he thought of the modern writer, Mr. Cobb said that the best writers were those who had a story to tell and told it without trying to dramatize it and show themselves off in their work.

"The trend of the modern writers," he said, "is to show themselves off and forget the story, while the public thinks the *story* is the thing."

When asked what his immediate plans for the future were, Mr. Cobb explained that he would return to Hollywood with his daughter on Friday and start work on the first of a series of two-reel comedies, of which eight will be made each year for an indefinite time.

These comedies will be filmed by Hal Roach and Cobb will help re-write them and also take the part of a small southern town character in them. After finishing the first of these, he will go East for about three months and return with Mrs. Cobb, who will stay with friends in Santa Barbara.

While making these pictures, Cobb stated that he will probably spend six months of the year in California.

Mr. Cobb punctuated the interview with jokes and humorous stories, and laughed the heartiest at the ones in which he was the butt of some joke.

"A sense of humor," he went on to explain, "is the ability to laugh at one's self. Anyone can laugh at something that happens to another person, but the real test is whether or not a person can laugh at something that happens to himself."

When given a copy of The Villager and asked to express his opinion of it, he said: "It appears to be a very smart magazine.

The typography is excellent. I'll read it through tonight after I have gone to bed."

After a joke or more, Mr. Cobb suddenly exclaimed: "There's only one thing in California that worries me at present."

When asked what this one thing was, he answered with a twinkle in his eye, "How I am going to get these boots off."

One of the guests volunteered to help and, without much difficulty, the boots were removed. Cobb picked them up and, standing in the center of the room in his stocking feet, asked to be excused.

Somehow he seemed to give the impression that he is the very man that Kipling had in mind when he wrote: "If you can walk with kings and not lose the common touch."

America!

By Allen Griffin

(Editor's note: The following article is one of the best to date. Mr. Griffin follows the coming trend. It is a pleasure to reprint such an editorial)

To believe that there is opportunity—that there surely was opportunity yesterday, that there are still opportunities today, and that there will be greater and brighter ones tomorrow;

To believe that despite the topsy-turvy conditions of the moment, there is such a thing as security, that it is attainable with reasonable effort and forethought, and that it is attainable because there is opportunity;

To belong to any Christian church or not to belong to any church, and know that that condition makes little or no difference in one's economic or social life; and that those who rule through government know little and care less about what one's spiritual affiliation may be;

To be amused and to enjoy horse-play, to be humorously disrespectful of most forms of authority, to enjoy a modicum of irreverence towards those in high places, and to wish to be entertained at no matter whose expense;

To write letters to the newspaper condemning, excoriating, laughing at, sneering about, apologizing for, criticizing or being contemptuous of government, whether local, State or national, with complete freedom to speak one's mind in either a learned, a half-baked, or an ignorant manner;

To express opinions on any subject under the sun, in public, on street corners, in stores, before service clubs or lodges, from pulpits, or from soap boxes, with uninhibited liberty of exaggeration and with definite conviction that that is a right no one can deny;

To believe almost desperately in popular education;

To feel that America is the greatest land on earth and is going to keep on showing the world how to do things;

To be able to look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell;

To be sentimental and emotional, and yet sheepish about saluting the Flag or demonstrating sentiment publicly towards forms of patriotic observance;

To feel that every thing is going to come out all right;

* * *

Now, so far as this writer can determine, that is Americanism.

This may not be the 100 per cent Americanism that some people talk about, but it happens to be the kind that exists among the great majority of Americans that one knows, if they are not too rich or too poor. (Characteristic nationals are seldom found among those who are isolated either by extreme wealth or extremities of misery).

It may not be a profound sort of a thing, but it is the American way. It may not be a logical attitude, but it happens to be the traditional attitude of a great people who, with all their faults and blunders, have done great and stirring things

A learned critic could discover a multitude of absurdities, perhaps, in this condition of beliefs and of attitude, and point out that it is all in error; but that wouldn't get the critic to first base. He would simply be one of those who are looked in the eye and told where to go.

* * *

Now, all this is very important.

This summary of Americanism-in-fact can be slightly amended or enlarged by the pedant, but its rough lines will remain essentially unchanged.

How far the Roosevelt administration will succeed in making reforms and go on the way towards some sort of national planning will depend upon how the program of the administration, as it is unfolded, appeals to this sort of Americanism, which is the real thing and not the story-book dream.

How far communist agitators can go in enlisting friends, well-wishers, sympathizers, and actual adherents will depend also on how acceptable their theories are (and how acceptable Russia's results are—with no excuses permitted) to people who think and feel as these average and very numerous native Americans think and feel.

And the same applies to the fascist imitators of the we-want-a-Mussolini type.

* * *

There is not a race of people on earth, that are as contented with being as illogical, as humorously irreverent, as stubbornly hopeful, and as inconsistently argumentative, as the American people.

Perhaps that is their salvation.

Up to a certain point they can take life very seriously; but then something happens, they start laughing, the thread is lost, and it has to be begun all over again. It makes agitators very impatient.

That is where the socialists, the communists, and the fascists or any other "ists" who have worked out a complete pattern that they want to stamp on the American cloth, find confusing and hopeless results.

That is where the theoreticians break their hearts against a wall that reduces to rubble—on paper; but that remains a wall in fact.

That is why it is possible for the great majority of the American people loyally to "support the President" and yet think that a lot of the program of the administration is so-so or bunk or what-not. They approve generally and generously of the results he wants to attain. But each element of machinery aimed at producing those results must run the gauntlet. And the list of characteristics that compose actual Americanism is the toughest gauntlet in the world.

* * *

This is written because the news and events of today and tomorrow, the New Deal or the return of the old deal, or a mixture of both, will be created out of the alchemy of ideas and personalities mixed in the broth of a traditional Americanism that persists and will continue to persist. Whether this, that or the other thing will be done on a national scale will depend less upon the merit and logic of the thing itself, than upon its acceptability to a people whose native-born elements are so strongly endowed with the characteristics that this writer is convinced compose Americanism-in-fact.

Trash Cans Make Telegrapher Tremble

Robert Smith, local telegraph operator and well known young man about town, was all excited last Thursday when Horace Heidt of R. K. O. band fame rented a house that he, Smith, is taking care of.

Bob was so excited in fact and wanted so hard to please the new tenants that he completely forgot himself and a city ordinance and dumped some trash from the house into one of the public trash cans on the beach.

Officer Charles Guth happened along and further excited Smith by summoning him to appear before Judge Wood at ten o'clock on Monday morning.

Smith appeared promptly at ten and, still excited, blushingly explained to Judge Wood that he didn't know trash shouldn't be dumped in trash cans. He further explained that he didn't know there was a difference between public and private trash cans.

Judge Wood then patiently explained to Mr. Smith that the trash cans on the beach were put there for the use of the people picnicking there and it was a serious offence for any private individual to take trash from their homes and dump it into these public receptacles. He then agreed to forget the matter if Smith would promise to be more careful about similar matters in the future. Smith promised and immediately after leaving court went to the library and took out a book entitled "Trash Cans, Public and Private."

Friendly Suit to Determine Liquor Problem

An action has been instituted in the Superior Court of Monterey County to test the inviolability of alcoholic beverage restrictions in title to real estate.

Mrs. Isabel A. Leidig, owner of large realty and improved properties in this city, is the plaintiff in this friendly test suit She is represented by Attorney Carmel Martin, her brother.

The defendants in the suit are the Carmel Development Company and James F. Devendorf, because it was they, as original conveyors of the land in question, to whom descend a reversionary interest in the land because of violation of the liquor clause in the original deed.

In this particular action the property is located on Ocean Avenue and is occupied by a grocer who has liquor on sale on the premises.

The fundamental question of the validity of such deeds may not be covered by the court's decision. Waiver, by failure to act in case of violations, is expected to form a basis for court opinion.

The local case will be, so far as known, the first of exactly this kind to be filed, at least in this state. It will be watched with unusual interest, not only by Carmel property owners and merchants, but by those in Pacific Grove, Palo Alto, Ceres and other cities where restrictions of different kinds exist.

It is reported that Attornay J. A. Bardin of Salinas has been retained to represent a group of Carmel merchants as parties in interest, during the hearing of the suit, or it may be that the merchants will begin an independent suit.

Bird Sanctuary To Be Created Off Point Lobos

Several matters somewhat out of the usual routine claimed the attention of the Carmel City Council at the regular monthly meeting held on May 2, before a fair-sized gallery. Briefly the new business discussed may be stated under two heads:

(1) The city's responsibility for sewer repairs and replacements.

(2) The probability of a reduction in the annual public library tax.

Dr. Rudolph A. Kocher's presentation of a bill of $14.40 for repairs to a sewer line used by the La Giralda Building, at the northwest corner of Seventh and Dolores Streets, precipitated the question of the responsibility of the municipality for the maintenance of all sewer lines not on private property. The bill was not paid, pending an examination of decisions by City Attorney Argyll Campbell, though Campbell's off-hand opinion was that the city was liable.

The possibility of a reduction in the amount of funds needed for the proper upkeep and expenses of the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library was indicated by reports of Councilman Joseph Burge and John Catlin to the effect that several citizens strongly object to approximately one-fifth of the city's income being devoted to library purposes. It was stated that of the $1.19 tax on the $100 of assessed valuation not otherwise allotted, 21 cents was expended upon the library. Further discussion of the matter was put over to the regular June meeting. At that time, it was stated, citizens interested in the cultural life of the community will appear before the council to urge retention of the present rate of allotment.

The routine business included the presentation of regular monthly reports of the Treasurer, Tax Collector, License Collector and Police and Fire Chiefs; also the payment of bills, which included the expenses of the recent city election.

The Council was informed that one of the few pelican hatcheries on the Pacific Coast, on the rocks off Point Lobos, would be made into a bird sanctuary. This will be brought about under the provisions of a bill to be introduced in Congress by Senator Hiram W. Johnson.

Opportunity Once Missed May Be Sought Again

Failure by the people to endorse the $50,000 bond issue to purchase a site and to erect a City Hall and properly house the fire department does not seem to discourage the proponents of the proposition.

Advocates of the plan point out that their proposal is feasible, economical and in the public interest. Point is made of the fact that the city is now expending in excess of $125 a month for rent and owns nothing. This amount, it is contended, would more than meet the interest on the bonds and also create a bond retiring fund. Such being the case, it is asserted that absolutely no increase in the tax rate would be required.

With a federal grant of one-third the cost, already assured (and which we should not pass up), it is probable that part of the $50,000 could be applied on bond retirement.

The legal aspects as to building on part of Block 69, where the city park is located, are being carefully looked into.

George Gordon Moore on Financial Rocks

George Gordon Moore, Carmel rancher, once a crack polo player and nationally known financier, was sued in the Federal courts last week for a telephone bill of $4664.90.

The plaintiff is the New York Telephone Company, which holds his notes, dated July, 26, 1932. In them, Moore agreed that if the company had to sue, it could collect $660 additional for attorney's fees.

The former millionaire—he estimated his wealth at between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000 five years ago and once said he lost $8,000,000 in 30 days in the 1929 crash—also faces judgment in Salinas for failing to pay about 50 wage claims, and charges in Monterey filed by his employes.

According to officials, Moore's 3100-acre ranch south of Carmel which cost him over $750,000, and $750,000 more for improvements, has been taken over on a $60,000 mortgage. A year ago, taxes totaling $130,000, had piled up on it, the labor commissioner's office asserted.

Moore has been making his living by conducting a small sawmill, quarrying out the celebrated Carmel sandstone and raising polo ponies and race horses. His wife recently divorced him, and has remarried.

Mysterious Bones Found May Be Cabrillo

Buried a hundred feet below the surface in a rotted redwood coffin, fastened together with hand-hammered square brass nails, all that remained of a Spanish soldier or sailor was found on the shores of the California Coast recently.

Unfortunately, before someone of authority could be reached, workmen had avidly seized upon portions of the coffin, a belt buckle, and possibly some old coins.

The work superintendent later called in university scientists who stated that the find was probably of the period when Don Juan Cabrillo roamed the Pacific.

As Cabrillo's grave was never found, there is an interesting possibility that this might have been the great explorer himself. A conference was arranged with the men who handled similar famous finds, but before they arrived, provincial police had seized the bones, dumped them in a paper sack, and carted them off to the local bastile. Presumably, as one annoyed scientist remarked, so that they could notify the dead man's wife!

The road improvement work called for the cutting away of a large portion of the hills, and the coffin was found thirty feet up from the lower end.

Sea Serpent Slithers with Seductive Serenity

"—and right before my very eyes this scaly monster stuck his head out of the water and made faces at me." This is the way Paul Whitman, artist, will wind up the story of how he saw "the" sea-serpent as he tells the story to his great-grandson in 1984. True, he may be bald, and sport a hoary beard, but the inclination ever to elaborate on *his* story will no doubt still be there.

And no doubt little Paul 3rd will gaze up into his great-grandpappy's twinkling eyes and say: "Aw nuts! I think you are full of hooey, grandpa. The last time you told me that story you said the sea-serpent had feathers like a bird and King Neptune was riding on his back urging him on with a silver tri-dent."

Grandpa will probably cough and "a-hem" at this and let his mind wander back to that fateful day in 1934 when he was fishing off the rocks at Pebble Beach.

A Fact Story of Our Times

By W. L. Overstreet

It was called "The Great Hike of Nineteen-Thirty-Three." Why it was "great" I do not know, unless the adjective referred to the long distance traversed, the time covered, or to the unthought-of hardships encountered and survived. Perhaps the days without food, the nights without sleep and without shelter, the lack of sufficient and clean clothing, and the utter uncertainty of the days ahead had something to do with it.

The motley army of homeless, jobless, discouraged American youth was on the "bum." Boys and girls in their teens, men and women in their twenties, were plodding, apparently aimlessly, East and West, along the highways of this country of ours. Most of these soul-weary and foot-weary travelers had little or no ambition or definite goal or purpose, unless it was the urge of self-preservation. It was their instinct to keep body and soul together; to survive; to eat.

They came mostly from the large population centers, where the economic conditions had deprived them of the opportunity to earn a living, of their homes, of their desire to attend school, even of their social contacts.

A survival of the happy days of home, of store, of shop, of office, and of school and college, was the pride of family and name. For this reason many of the derelicts hid their identities under assumed surnames. Thus, for example, John Lannon became John Foster and Mary Allen was now Mary Baker. Frequently this change of name brought about embarrassing complications, as we shall see.

Tom Mason, twenty-four, started on the hike from a manufacturing city in western Pennsylvania. Unsuccessful efforts to obtain employment—anything—had forced him to take the road for better or worse. Sadie Manly, twenty-two, was from Dayton, Ohio, where she had been happy in her position as a primary school teacher until lack of funds closed the school indefinitely.

In these contingents of roaming humanity it early became the accepted thing to disregard the polite forms that prevail between the sexes, so that no longer was an introduction thought of, should acquaintance be desired or necessary. Mere presence presumed unconventional fellowship.

So Tom and Sadie, strangers, miles apart, are on the long national highway, heading West, each lingering now and again at a camp or roadhouse for rest and observation. At a dilapidated hobo "flop" a few miles from Reno the two travelers casually met for the first time. After a brief stay in camp, the pair hit the highway together one evening, moving slowly, and arriving in Reno the next morning. They were hungry. Seeking out a cheap-looking eating place, they ate a hearty breakfast, in payment for which the good-natured proprietor put them to work.

As Tom, his work finished, walked out of the restaurant, without so much as a "thank you" or "so long," he spotted an auto truck about to get under way, and he had just climbed over the tail-board when Sadie came out on the sidewalk. Seeing Tom, she called out, "Wait, I'm going with you." Together they started all the way to San Francisco—the end of the trail.

Their association in camp, the night on the road, breakfast together, the long truck ride, had given them opportunity to learn much of each other; established a basis for better acquaintance, possibly further traveling companionship.

Though favorably impressed with the girl, Tom was shy, wary, said little, made no advances. "No sir-ee," said he to himself, "Not for me."

In San Francisco. Now what to do. They had grown fond of each other. With them there could be no parting now. After a short time as wards of the municipality, luck was with them. They held down jobs for several months. Plans for their future were freely discussed.

Frequently in their conversation Tom noticed the utterance of old-fashioned but familiar terms by Sadie. She referred to certain dress material as "factory" and to a clothes closet as a "press." But he let that pass. Just a coincidence.

In their conversation concerning their homes it developed that their parents had been divorced and that the young children of their families had been placed in homes and institutions in near-by states. Eventually the parents died, resulting in the brothers and sisters being lost to each other.

Following a busy and prosperous year Tom and Sadie decided to get married. Three days before the proposed marriage the lovers proceeded to the city license office.

"Your name, please," said the clerk.

"Thomas Garrott."

"Birthplace?"

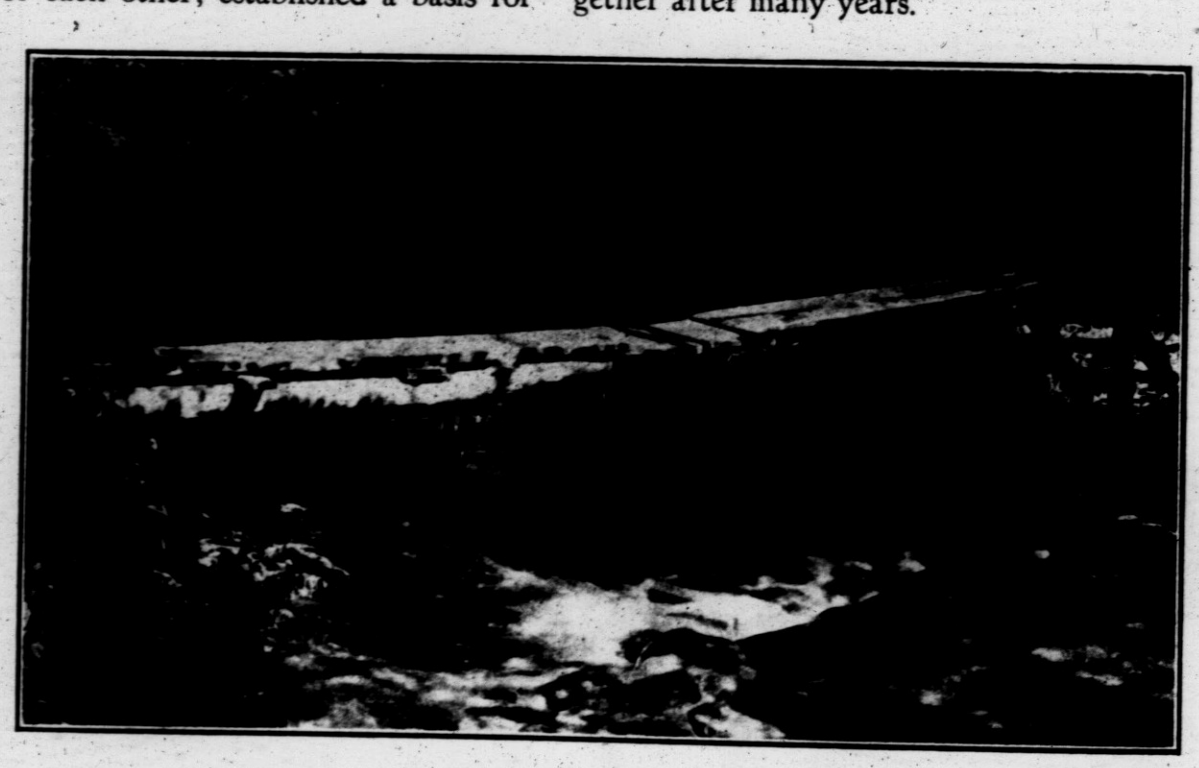
"South Bend, Indiana."

"Parents' names?"

"John Garrott and Nancy Garrott."

Here there was a low pathetic cry. "Those were the names of my parents and Garrott is my name," sobbed Sadie. "And I was born in South Bend!"

So were a brother and sister brought together after many years.



Story of Serra Festival Colorful, Fascinating

The early history of California was probably influenced the most by the work of the Franciscans. This group of Fathers, accompanied by soldiers, was sent by Spain to the New World in her effort to attain new lands and fame. The soldiers came with the purpose of conquering the land and attaining renown and wealth. But the Fathers, having given up all worldly attributes, came for the sole purpose of gathering souls unto their Mother, the Catholic Church. Of these Franciscan Fathers, Junipero Serra is probably the most well known to Californians.

The fiesta, which comes this August, deals with the coming of Father Serra to the Monterey Peninsula. Emphasis is being made of the condition of the Indian before the arrival of the white man. The story continues with the consecration of the corner stone of the Mission. Next to be shown is the completion of the Mission which was achieved not only by the men of the village but with the help of the women and children, too.

The coming of Anza is the next dramatic event. Up to that time the only communication between Mexico and California had been by sea, but the arrival of Anza by land was the first step toward the conquering of the desert. And last, we find Father Serra, his race run true, laid to rest among the people he loved.

George Marion, who has written the script for the fiesta, has depicted only those incidents in the life of Father Serra, which historically took place at the Carmel Mission.

—J. L.

Latest Plays Planned for Local Production

As soon as casting conditions permit, according to an announcement by Mrs. M. V. B. McAdam, Secretary of the Playhouse Association, preparation will begin on "Design for Living," "Biography," "Time Is a Dream" and "Alien Corn," all of which have been assigned to the association for local production.

The possibility of substituting for one of these plays a new unproduced play by an important resident playwright depends upon the outcome of an option held in New York. Within a fortnight the matter will be determined yes or no.

"Dangerous Corner" Next Community Players Production

An all-star cast will take the stage at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the evenings of May 30, 31, and June 1 and 2, when the Carmel Community Players open their new season with J. B. Priestly's "Dangerous Corner," an exciting, stimulating, intense three-act drama.

The direction of the play is in the skillful hands of Gordon Davis, formerly with the Fairmont Theatre in San Francisco and former director of dramatics at Stanford University. Rehearsals have been taking place at the homes of different members of the cast but a few days before the opening night all rehearsals will be held in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Members of the cast are Paula Dougherty, Olga Fish, Ruth Thompson, Mary Henderson, By Ford, Lloyd Weer and James Mills.

New Book on Indian Stories by Mary Austin Just Issued

Of all the stories written by Mary Austin, one time Carmel resident, probably the one that aroused greatest interest here and which was most widely read was "The Arrow Maker." The foregoing title suggests that the tale is of Indians. It is.

Now comes from the press of the Houghton-Mifflin Company a new book by this gifted narrator of Indian lore and character. It is called "One Smoke Stories." S. C. Allen in the *San Francisco Chronicle* reviews the book as follows:

> South of the Green river and west of the Rio Grande, the desert Indians gather around ceremonial fires and smoke corn-husk cigarettes made of the native tabac and tell old tales or bits of their own experience which last for the space of a smoke. Among all the types of the Amerind tale spinning, hero cycles, legends and epics of tribal adventure, this type is the least known.
>
> This is not surprising, for their shortness and the necessity for compactness make them difficult to transcribe. Mary Austin's command of the English language, together with her knowledge of the Indian's ways and lore, makes her the ideal person to make this type of story understandable and enjoyable to an audience unused to Indian ceremonial camp fires.
>
> In the introduction the author says that she has attempted to adhere as closely as possible to the original method of telling but that she has added enough of her own perception of the scene "as is necessary to have the fang of the story strike home." Unfortunately, in many cases, this will not be enough for the person who is entirely unversed in the great mysteries of the Indian and his lack of essential objectivity.
>
> Mary Austin explains the fact that there are tales of other peoples than Indians in the collection, saying, "One-Smoke Stories are especially designed to be the medium for the communication of experience, and the form is so admirably contrived for oral telling that all anecdote in the Indian country tends to fall into that shape."
>
> Some of these stories are real gems, a few are thoroughly dull, but taken as a whole the collection is refreshingly entertaining and something that is really different and new. —W. L. O.

Telephone

10

* * *

Two Carmel youths, Disbro Johnson and John Mather, were cited to appear in the Monterey police court after racing down Munras Avenue and recklessly cutting the corner at Munras and Alvarado Street early last Saturday morning. They were cited by Patrolman Charles Scott when they stopped at an Alvarado Street restaurant.

The Autobiography of An Adolescent

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

(Wherein our hero finds to his consternation various things undesirable about the Deep. He standeth watch and learneth sundry phraseology of the Sea.)

CHAPTER 3

. . . with a flourish. Then somebody told me to go forward to the Brig and let the prisoners out for a bit of air. I found the fourth mate, who was trying to keep from being busy, and he showed me where and what the Brig was. The plumbing arrangements were very obsolete and so were the prisoners. There were only two, he told me, the other three having died while coming through the Canal. The poor devils were stowaways from India who were trying to get into the United States.

They were religious fanatics to the captain, but they were just a couple of tourists to me. I unlocked the door and motioned for them to come out, but they acted as if I were going to be Simon Legree and play they were Topsy and Eva, so I turned away to show them in sign language that I had no such intentions.

This encouraged them and they seemed to be quite bucked up, so I walked a step or two away to see if they would come to life. They did.

They came and went. They went over the rail with a big splash leaving me to tell the Skipper that his prisoners had achieved the idea that iron bars do not a prison make.

I saw that they could swim quite well so I waited a minute or two before singing out "man overboard" the way they do in comic operas.

The first, second, third and fourth mates were pretty chagrined about it to judge from the language they used concerning my ancestry and I wondered what the Old Man himself would say. He fairly outdid all the others and showed himself to be a credit to the Merchant Marine of anybody's navy.

The customs people or somebody would charge the company a couple of thousand dollars for their escape, he said, but I thought it was cheap at half that. Those Hindus are probably Swamis in Los Angeles now.

I went back to the little dump that they gave us cadets for a cabin and felt that there was very little milk of human kindness in a sailor's heart.

A knock on the door preceded third mate McPherson's mousey head and he whispered, "Laddie, have ye still got tha' keys?" And sure enough I had. Greatly delighted he explained to me that on the same ring were the keys to the liquor store as well as the Brig and he generously invited me up to have a drink.

The ship sailed at eight o'clock that night and I felt fairly comfortable long before that time, thanks to Sandy McPherson who, after a couple of quarts under his belt, was quite outspoken in his contempt for the "whole damn line and all its shtarvation kirk warden offishers."

I left Sandy in the bar and went out on deck in time to see the lights of San Pedro fading. My own lights were a bit dim but the salt air freshened me up a bit. Presently I heard a shrill whistle tooting and stepped back into the shadow of a life boat just in time to avoid an officer who was looking for a cadet.

Sandy had explained to me that after orders had passed from the Old Man all down the line, some one would blow a whistle and get a cadet to do it. Whoever it was went by without noticing me and I slipped down to my berth and went to sleep.

Jones, one of the other cadets who was leaving the ship at San Francisco, wakened me at four a.m. to go up and stand my watch on the hurricane deck. My workout was supposed to be from four to eight, and so, after protesting in vain that it was far too cold to be outside, I climbed the slippery ladder up to the canvas enclosed bridge. Fog horns were blowing continually and it was damn cold, just as I said it would be.

The first mate was walking up and down muttering to himself so I tried to strike up a conversation with the quartermaster who had the wheel. He told me it was against the rules of the game to have secret signal practice during a fog and to shut up.

The mate came over and said to watch off the starboard side for a light and to tell him the minute I saw it. It would the light on Anacapa Island and to be sure and sing out. I watched and watched and pretty soon a light glimmered through the fog.

The mate signalled the engine room and we changed our course a couple of points and just missed a big Matson freighter by a couple of inches!

It was the Matson's light that I saw on the starboard and not the island's. But how was I to know? When the mate got over being scared about how close we missed the freighter he sent me down to the galley with his blessing in reverse and orders to bring him up something to eat.

His phraseology wouldn't have got him very far with a bible class. By this time I was beginning to think that either the fiction writers that I had read were sailing under different conditions or else I was too squeamish to make a satisfactory Captain Kidd.

The vocabulary of the sea wasn't as bad as the underlying thoughts that they expressed, or perhaps it was the weevilly minds that first originated those thoughts.

At any rate, the cockroaches in the galley seemed better companions than the two-legged ones I had to eat with. I didn't mind the tooth marks on the steaks, showing that they were second-hand and had been rejected by the passengers before being served to the crew, but I did object to the small talk at the tea table.

Something told me that it was better, however, to leave my objections unvoiced.

But to get back to the mates' waiting breakfast, after the cook had outlined his opinion of said mate, myself, and everyone of his acquaintance in unsavory terms, he dished out a plate of soda crackers and a pot of coffee and I made my way back on deck.

The wind was blowing fairly well, and as I mounted each step of the companionway a gust would gently lift a cracker and waft it out to sea. By the time I reached the bridge there was only one cracker left and it fell off the plate.

I put the tray with the coffee down on the chart shelf and picked up the cracker and ate it on my way back to my post. The mate looked at the empty plate and then at me eating the cracker and I guess the big stiff must have gotten the idea that I had eaten them all.

If he really believed all that he said about me I would think that it would have saved him a lot of energy if he had just poked me one in the jaw, but he just reminisced a lot more about my lineage and went back to drink his coffee.

I spent the next hour hoping it burnt his tongue but any man that knew the words he did could have swallowed burning kerosene.

I went into conference with myself during the rest of the watch and it wasn't very hard for me to persuade myself that the life of a sailor was not the life for me.

We reached port about seven a.m. and

(*To be continued next week*)

* * *

Dr. Peter Guldbransen and family of Berkeley visited friends in Carmel last week.

Peninsula Pot-Pourri...

Miss Jean Linndemann of Edenvale left for her home last week after spending the past month in Carmel with friends.

Mr. K. Y. Sapero has taken the Kimball house for an indefinite period.

After playing at Hotel Del Monte for the past two years Ed Fitzpatrick and his band leave this week for Santa Monica where they will take up their duties at the exclusive Casa Del Mar beach club.
Although Fitz and his boys will be greatly missed by peninsula folk it will still be possible to hear him play, for they will broadcast nightly.

George Morgan, who is connected with the Mare Island Navy Yard at Vallejo, spent the week end with the Lou Tomlins in their home at 11th and Mission.

While visiting in Fresno a few days ago, Mrs. Ruth Thompson saw the road show group of "The Drunkard." According to Mrs. Thompson, Galt Bell, the director, was with the company and had a small part in the show.

Dr. C. S. Kivler and party returned to their homes in Tucson, Arizona, after spending the past month in the Bertha L. Bowen cottage.

R. H. Deyo and party of Pasadena have taken the Miller house on the Point for a week.

Mr. J. M. Bloom and family, after spending the winter in the Moore cottage, have moved to their recently completed home on the coast highway below the Big Sur.

Boating on the Carmel River has been quite a popular sport during the past few months. The amateur boat-builders have constructed and sailed some very sea-worthy craft, both along original and standard lines. For a time there was quite a run on the local library for books on boat-building.

Miss Betty Hyde has returned to San Francisco after spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hyde.

Mrs. Sybil Hitt Leonard, who has spent the past month in New York and Chicago visiting with relatives, returned to Carmel Sunday.

Mrs. Julia E. Coon, 74, mother of Daniel H. Coon, local building contractor, passed away recently at the home of her daughter in Burlingame.

The young playmates of Donn Michael Appleton assisted him in celebrating his sixth birthday anniversary on the sands near the Carmel River last Saturday. Among those present were Dolores and Jimmy Di Napoli, Junior Levinson, Justine Stevenson, Kay Brown and DeWitt Appleton.

Miss Charlotte Evans, who has spent the past month in Carmel, has returned to her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Millicent Sears has as a house guest in her Carmel Highlands home, Mrs. George T. Blair of West Clay Park, San Francisco.

Two meetings of the Serra Festival Committee took place last week. One held at the home of D. L. Staniford on last Thursday evening was for the purpose of choosing committees for the various concessions. The other was held at La Playa Hotel, where the executive committee entertained a group of Oakland and San Francisco publicity and newspapermen at a dinner.

William P. Silva displayed several new pictures at the official opening of his Carmelita Gallery on San Antonio.

Continuing through the summer, the gallery will be open from two to five in the afternoon and a cordial invitation is extended to the public.

Governor James Rolph, Jr. reappointed the entire Carmel Sanitary Board last Friday. Members reappointed are: Willard Whitney, chairman; A. T. Shand, secretary; Dr. J. B. McCarthy, Hugh Comstock and F. P. Howard.

The sanitary board resigned following the defeat of the sewer disposal plant bonds on April 12, but at the request of Governor Rolph they have agreed to accept the reappointment.

Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, the Franciscan priest, is dead. He passed away at Santa Barbara a week ago Friday, aged 83. He was a noted church historian. His work on California missions became text books because of their recognized authority. Richman in his *California Under Spain and Mexico* acknowledges his obligation to the padre historian.

The Sun Dispels the Morning Fog — By WILLIAM P. SILVA

Duet for Two Duennas

Some men there are who seemed destined always to defeat their own desires. Robin was perhaps a supreme example of this. One of the world's romantics, he was sadly out of place in Bloomsbury.

Eager, smiling, always a happy jest on his lips, he attracted many friends. Tousled hair, un-pressed tweeds, a twisted walking stick swinging carelessly in the breeze, he seemed to them a re-incarnation of some gay Galahad.

Before he married, many a fair lass smiled hopefully upon young Robin. His laugh and his cheery whistle were heard up and down the English country lanes, and in the taverns it was thought that Robin was a good Cavalier.

But an innate sense of something decent kept young Robin from taking advantage of the opportunities for either dalliance or mesalliance, or at least, so he thought.

Then he met Mary. And Mary didn't seek Robin out, as the other girls did. Or if she did, as some might say, she was careful not to let him know it. At the time Robin was writing whimsical little paragraphs for the metropolitan journals and it was only a matter of time before they should send for him to come up to London and become a regular member of the staff.

Marriage did something to young Robin. For a while he was supremely happy and then something snapped. His gay carefree, happy-go-lucky manner departed and so did his ability to write.

Love locked the door and didn't leave a latch-key. Mary told Robin that she didn't love him, that she never had, and that it was just a bit of glamour that had attracted her. Magnanimous as those women sometimes are, she broke Robin's heart and sweetly said, however, that she'd be willing to be a sister to him! A sister . . . to Robin . . . the lover . . . Robin the poet . . . Robin the romantic!

Blithely Mary continued her round of daily domestic duties, imagining, somehow, that love can be turned off and on at will, like a water faucet. Pride ran high in young Robin, and he took it on the chin; gaily if someone was around. But he found himself more and more alone, especially if he was in the same room with Mary.

His work suffered; they moved from place to place. Jobs came and went, but Robin was deemed irresponsible and word got about that he wasn't a dependable fellow.

With a terrific ache in the heart of him, Robin stolidly took Mary's change from wife-mistress to housekeeper to shrew without wincing. Finally, to erase that phrase "sister" from his mind, and to avoid the now daily recriminations, Robin went to live all alone in an old barn. Here he wrote, but it was bitter writing and no one would have it. Then he tried popular pap, but it it was forced, and no one would have it either.

Then he met Mira. Mira was an artist, not pretty, nor particularly attractive. But she was clever enough to see a thing in Robin and recognize it as something akin to greatness. So Mira was kind to Robin.

And they went away together. Security Mira wanted not, nor did she want Robin in the way he wanted something he could not express. Mira had a mind of her own, she knew where she was going, but she could be, at times, very sweet. Here at last, thought Robin, is the "grand passion" he had been ever seeking.

With no thought of public opinion, Robin left Mary. Mary was glad to see him go because she thought he went alone. If she had known about Mira her feminine pride of possession would have made her fight for Robin. But she didn't know, so she sent him away with a laugh of scorn upon her thin lips.

And Mira felt . . . what did Mira feel? Does anyone know just what the Miras of the world feel? They took a very small cottage in another hamlet. Robin worked hard, so hard that soon his conscience, his chivalry, his memories of Mary departed. He thought of nothing but his writings and Mira. Between stories Robin dashed off bits of poetic fantasy. He thought of himself as a marvelously lucky fellow.

He was so grateful to Mira for giving herself to him that he groveled, which is always a grave error. He felt that no one in the world was worthy of Mira. Even when she told him that he was by no means the first nor the last man in her life. Robin was deaf to all this. He wrote . . .

"Sea glimpsed beauty do surrender
Render unto me that which is mine own
To me, the starv'ling poet and pretender
Who kneels in humble wonder at thy throne . . ."

and Mira read and was bored. Robin was so eager that he became, not the gay Galahad that women love. but a prime nuisance and Mira . . . well, one night when Robin was romantically inclined Mira said . . . let's see . . . how did the words go?

"Robin, you're a dear boy, but I don't love you. Perhaps I let you think I did for a time, but I don't. I tell you what, though, old thing . . . I'll be awfully glad to be a sister to you!"

—Joe Burns

* * *

If you read it in The Villager, it's not only news, but it is interesting!

Babblings About Coit Tower

By David Alberto

It is there—San Francisco's tallest gravestone!

It has served a purpose, too, for during construction much food was provided those who labored to raise this prodigal shaft into the skies, and the wives and children of those who labored ate and the owners of the homes wherein these same ones dwelt received their fees.

It serves a purpose even now, for janitors are there; and a gardener; and water is required, and illumination is provided by a philanthropic corporation for a nominal but excessive sum and those who so altruistically offer their holdings that light and heat may be provided for others less fortunate than they are also thrice blessed.

But an even finer purpose might be served —again providing food and shelter for those who labor and feed their young. Again as many homes as formerly might once more know joy which clinking silver and papier maché gold can provide. Again those who labor not might find employment removing piece by piece many stones and girders and other parts which were cemented into this huge silo.

The kindly future this great bulk has yet to vision! "And those who stand without the temple" will have that day when we wake to find "the sun has scattered into flight the hulk that sprang up over night." Then once again the city that loves and is loved can spend its days and nights relieved of the irritation which it now suffers while supporting this huge blister.

Ah, bald tower and . . . thy willingness toward self destruction!

In publishing this article a single apology is due—an apology to the memory of Omar Khayam.

* * *

The student body of the Sunset School netted a profit of thirteen dollars from the Pattison all-star ten-act marionette circus which was given in the school auditorium last Friday. The money will go towards the planting of trees and shrubs on the school grounds.

The Yarn Shop
BERNAT YARNS AND INSTRUCTION
Dolores Street opposite Post Office

Watsonville Man Drowned at Victorine Point

Washed from the rocks by heavy seas off Victorine Point near Wildcat Canyon, Rex Fulton, 26, of Watsonville, was drowned early Sunday morning while his brother, who accompanied him, looked on unable to help.

Police Chief Gus Englund was notified of the mishap and he in turn notified Captain Johnson of the Pebble Beach yacht club who, because of unusually heavy seas, was unable to take a boat out of the harbor.

According to the brother, Fulton had just cast his line into the water and started to fish when a huge wave swept over the rock on which he was standing and washed him into the sea.

Fulton, who was an excellent swimmer, says the brother, managed at one time to get close enough to the rock from which he was washed to grasp it and started to climb out but another large wave picked him up and tossed him clear over the rock and about forty yards out to sea where, weighted down by an overcoat and heavy boots, he threw up his arms and went under and was seen no more.

The young man's father was notified and arrived soon after the unfortunate accident but as yet the body has not been located. Fulton was married and was the father of a young baby.

Play-Reading at Pine Inn Monday Evening

Another of the play-readings enjoyed by so many, and which were discontinued for a short time, will be held at Pine Inn next Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

The play selected to be read is St. John Ervine's delightful comedy "Anthony and Anna" and its pungent observations on English and American life, as brought out in the repartee between *Anthony*, an English gentleman, living by his wits, and *Anna*, the spoiled, imperious, and altogether charming daughter of an American millionaire, are certain to bring many smiles to the hearers.

The reading cast, brought together by Miss Eloise Carwyle for this play, includes Anna Marie Baer, George McMenamin, Hal Garrott, Arthur Story, Eugene Watson, Tom Thienes, Henry Hasty and Eloise Carwyle. Miss Nan McCormick will handle the continuity.

A number of rehearsals have been held for this event and the audience will undoubtedly be delighted with a smooth reading of a delightful play.

A Letter

To the Editor of THE VILLAGER

Dear Sir:

There are two questions regarding which the Councilmen are seeking the answers.

At an expenditure not to exceed $300, we can, if we do not delay too long, get Federal aid for a recreational program for our children during the time the schools are closed this summer. There are over 600 children who might take advantage of this. We run the risk of not getting the help if we delay too long.

The other question does not have to be decided as promptly. Are the majority of the taxpayers willing to continue paying as much as they are now, for the service they are getting from our Library; or do they wish to reduce the tax rate and thereby reduce or decrease the efficiency or facilities of our Library?

Perhaps we are apt to underestimate the value of both these types of service because the advantages are not so apparent to the eye and cannot be weighed or measured. The benefits may not be immediate but cumulative over a long period of years.

Sincerely yours,
BERNARD ROWNTREE

Old Monterey Polo Club Will Have Barn Dance

Preparations are under way for a barn dance which will be held at the Old Monterey Polo Club on the evening of June 9 to raise funds to send the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps to the state convention that will be held in San Francisco this year.

The Peninsula's drum and bugle corps are the former state champions and they have been working hard on a new routine of drills and music, and hope to bring the state championship back to the Monterey Peninsula.

According to rumor, Mae West has already been sent an invitation to attend the affair by a member of the dance committee who is a personal friend of hers. So all "West conscious" males may get a chance to see the queen of curves dressed as a shy milkmaid or demure farmer's daughter.

The dance will be strictly informal and all who attend are urged to wear costumes that will give them the appearance of being "fresh from the farm."

Tickets will cost one dollar with a two-bits cover charge for those who wish to reserve a table. As a large crowd is expected to be present all who wish to attend should make their reservations at the Polo Club.

Mrs. Sidney Fish, honorary drum major of the drum and bugle corps of the Monterey Peninsula American Legion post, is the chairman of the large committee which is sponsoring the barn dance.

Monterey High School Trustee Resigns

L. D. Lacey of Monterey, for sixteen years a member of the Board of Trustees of the Monterey Union High School, has resigned. His desire to do a bit of traveling, and other interests, are given as a reason for retiring. As chairman of the board, Lacey is succeeded by Bernard H. Schulte of Carmel Valley. County Superintendent of Schools James G. Force has asked the board to recommend a successor to Lacey.

Changes in the personnel of the high school board have been quite numerous in the past several years. Former members of the body included William T. Kibbler and Mrs. Hester Schoeninger of Carmel, and Howard D. Severance, Carmel Martin, Dr. William Sandholdt of Monterey, and Charles A. Bentley of Seaside, and others.

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and Vegetables
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THE LUCCA
featuring
Italian Teas and Dinners
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beyond Seventh
Carmel

STELLA'S
DRY GOOD STORE
Bathing Suits
THAT WILL
GUARANTEE
A TAN!
SOUTH SIDE OF OCEAN
AT CORNER OF DOLORES

Horace Potts on Labor

I'm now an authority on unemployment! Can you imagine that? I your co-respondent, Horace Potts, have been working shoulder to shoulder, cheek by jowl, pick by pick and shovel to shovel with America's new army of the C. W. A.

What a healthy life, what inspiration, what a pain in the neck!

Now I know how the rest of America lives! Not that I can tell you *why*. Never will I forget my first day, the day I donned the garb and accoutrements, (that's a pair of overalls and a shovel to youse mugs) of a son of the soil. Although that wasn't what the foreman called me. I was a son all right, but the soil was not my immediate ancestry.

Arising sharply at daybreak (due to having just come home) I found myself standing in line with the rest of America's manhood. We didn't have to stand long as it soon stopped raining and we all sat down. After a time, a man with a more or less white collar came around and said that if the tools arrived any time before noon we could go to work. In the meantime, we were to amuse ourselves as best we were able and to keep up our morale with singing or some similar exercise.

So we shot craps.

Unfortunately many of our dear government's work projects progress somewhat slowly because while the men are in one place, the picks and shovels and wheelbarrows are in another, usually miles apart.

This is circumvented sometimes by moving the men to the equipment, only when this happens, someone else moves the equipment, and it is usually quite some time before they get together.

Not that we do anything after the equipment finally arrives, only it's much easier to rest if you have a shovel to lean on than it is without.

Wheelbarrows are at a premium after the men discover that if you fill one end half full of dirt they make just dandy places wherein to recline.

But the real fun on a relief project comes when you find out that you don't have to hold up two fingers as you did in school when you want to go places. Out in the hills you just go. As they say out there, when you gotta go, you gotta go. After all, why shouldn't you go and get a drink of water if you get thirsty?

Such cameraderie as I found on my first work project, such an unusual spirit of good fellowship, such an overwhelming desire to help each other . . . yeah, to help each other get in dutch with the foreman.

Due to careful observation and several hours of painstaking research, I saw at least three wheelbarrows filled and more than a half dozen shovelfuls of earth removed. However, the men responsible for this outrage were speedily apprehended and severely reprimanded.

I easily acquired the proper technique needed to become a successful contractor for the government as each of us are in embryo. I mentioned this to a compatriot and he said we weren't in embryo, we were just outside the city limits.

Which shows you how seriously these men take their avocations. The technique mentioned is one worth knowing. To do this successfully, you need the following things:

(1) A watch, not necessarily accurate, or even one with works in it. Anything resembling a timepiece will do. Whenever a foreman or timekeeper or any official approaches, you pull out your chronometer and ask for a comparison of the hours. This can take from five to ten minutes each time, depending on whether or not you can get up an argument.

(2) Never sink your pick into the earth hard enough to bury more than an inch of the point. If you do, you will have to exert yourself to remove said pick and exertion leads to perspiration and perspiration leads to water and you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him perspire.

(3) A man's best friend is his kidneys so let nature take its course.

Often.

You dappled readers can readily see by the foregoing that your little war correspondent has been right on his toes. And on everyone else's. So goodnight, and a beddy bye. This is Horace Potts, the calloused courier saying what-ho and pip pip.

And remember, posterity is just around the corner, and so is the foreman!

Adios, vaya con Dios, amigos! Which to us Mexican means, in our quaint colloquial "Frijoles to all foreman!" —Potts.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leidig and their daughter Jean left yesterday for Cornvallis, Oregon where they will visit their son Martin who is attending college there. They will be gone for two weeks.

* * *

O. W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, has been appointed to edit the year book of the California School Principal's Association. The book will be out some time in the spring of 1935.

Bardarson said he intended to use the subject "The Worthy Use of Leisure Time" as the general theme of the publication. It will contain data and articles on various phases of education prepared by members of the association.

THE

Dolores Pharmacy

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DOLORES AT SEVENTH
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

The Compact Life

AN ESSAY ON ARCHITECTURE
OF BUNGALOW COURTS

By M. HOLCROFT

(*Are we glad we have none of these in Carmel?—Editor*)

A new habitat for the Lord of Creation has sprung into being here in California, enjoying a popularity even unequaled by its predecessor, the New York tenement. No one seems to know just who the founder of the idea of housing ten families on a fifty-foot lot is, and evidently this benefactor of mankind prefers to hide his light under a bushel. In all probability it was a person of Danish or Finnish orgin, someone acquainted with the methods used in lodging the festive sardine.

Whoever this daring and unknown pioneer was, it is certain that he was not lacking in ingenuity. How anyone short of a genius could contrive, single-handed, to combine a living room, bedroom, dining room and library into a space of the size formerly occupied by a modest clothes closet, placing a kitchen complete with miniature sink, hot water heater, gas range, and breakfast nook, including ironing facilities, into an area that one would hesitate to call a butler's pantry, is nothing short of marvelous.

Then there is the bathroom. This is indeed a work that Da Vinci himself would gloat over. There is what the English used to call a foot bath converted into a sunken tub enclosed overhead with a Roman arch, a wash hand stand, a shaving cabinet, a window and other appurtenances all placed in what would probably have made an excellent pantry to store marmalade or preserves.

The whole apartment is the size of a garage necessary to house one of the smaller makes of automobile. There are ten of these dwellings on a lot fifty by one hundred and fifty. To say nothing of countless bits of shrubbery, ornamental lights, foot scrapers and other impediments that hinder the homeward hurrying husband who wends his weary way into his rented closet. Besides the above mentioned features, these cunning little dens of domesticity are furnished. Completely, even unto the chromos that hang upon the wall. Invariably one can count on finding a slightly soiled reproduction of the "Blue Boy," "Trees at Night" or even a charming bit of sentiment that intimates there is no place like Home. It depends of course, upon the aesthetic tendencies of the builder, sometimes these tendencies run riot and the place is giddily filled with mottoes extolling the virtue of honesty, independence and the great fun of loving one's neighbor.

One gets a great chance to love one's neighbor in a Bungalow Court. The walls separating each compartment are cleverly made of some very thin material that acts as a radio loud speaker.

Everything one's loving neighbor says and does is properly amplified. No ten families living together in one room could be more intimate, or better acquainted. Great caution has to be exercised over children to keep them from poking their little fingers through the connecting walls in order to better observe their neighbors.

The gentlemen who caused sardines and humans to collaborate in this fashion had one watchword as his talisman when constructing this device that glorifies the great American home. It was Folding. A small two-syllable word, but a potent one. Folding, how he must have conjured it. In the combined Living, Sitting, Dining and Turning About room, there is a bed that folds, making it a Bed Room.

Cleverly hidden behind glass doors that give a disheartening illusion of greater rooms lying beyond, stands the folding bed. At night the occupants of the Butler's Pantry move the dining table over in front of the Folding Fireplace and place the Living Room furniture on top of each other. Each furniture, not each occupant. The combined front and back door is then carefully locked and both blinds drawn. Then the glass doors are opened and usually the bed unfolds on top of one's head. This little matter is soon righted and the occupants, after climbing over or under the Folding Library, are ready and eager to say their prayers and go to bed. Usually the prayers consist of devout invocations to the Supreme Host to please not let that damn bed fold up of its own accord before morning.

At the crack of dawn some merry little cherub pokes his cunning finger through the neighboring wall and one is awakened with a sense of the futility of remaining in bed any longer. A hasty shave in the Folding Bathroom, quite harmless if one doesn't bump both elbows at the same time on the surrounding walls, and one is ready for a bumptious breakfast in the Folding Kitchen. This is accomplished in the Folding Breakfast Nook. Seats are raised from the kitchen walls that will, if gingerly sat upon, support the average person for a time long enough to permit the hasty consumption of at least one cup of coffee. This is not so of the Folding Table. It is not of the hardy strain that folding seats are made of. At any moment the Folding Table is apt to become temperamental and toboggan the breakfast dishes into one's lap. There is no correct procedure to overcome this other than standing up and finishing one's folding breakfast hurriedly, grab the folded daily paper and rush madly for one's street car. Arriving just as that vehicle folds up its platform and one's knees may then fold under themselves.

Carmel Mission To Be Center of Serra Festival

In years gone by, the Serra Pilgrimage, a religious and civic affair, was concentrated in Monterey, with a service at Carmel Mission attended mainly by those trekking over the Serra Trail to Monterey.

This year's revival of the celebration, designated as the Serra Festival, is to be centered about Carmel Mission, with incidental features in Carmel.

Fr. Michael O'Connell is in charge of the program at the Mission, where in addition to religious rites, George Marion, veteran producer and actor, will supervise an historical pageant, talent for which will be recruited from the three Peninsula cities.
In Carmel, D. L. Staniford is chairman of the village committee, which is raising preliminary funds, cooperating in publicity matters, arranging for decorations, creating interest, etc.

* * *

Benjamin F. Leidig, who has announced his candidacy for County Treasurer, is well known here. He and his wife and family formerly resided here and owned their home. Ben is a brother of Robert, Fred and Lawrence Leidig.

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BY BERNARD ROWNTREE

APRIL

CHAPTER 1

"Well, what do you know about that? For once the papers told the truth. Twenty-five dollars from good old Uncle Sam."

"Oh, Jack, I am so glad, but we must be careful with it."

"Careful my eye. This is spending money, not saving money. Remember there will be another twenty-five next month."

"But Jack, supposing there isn't?"

"Good grief Mary, they said we had to spend this. Buy what we need, or pay our debts, but not to save it, or we would queer the works."

"Where did you get it, Jack?"

"At the voting place. I stopped in there, and here's my first check, twenty-five bucks."

"But Jack, what about me? Don't I get one?"

"They wouldn't say anything, except that every qualified voter gets paid. You'll get one Mary, because you voted last election. Don't you remember?"

"I'm almost scared. Fifty dollars in one day. Jack, do you think there is a catch to it? Wouldn't it be awful if there was?"

"No fear, Mary. It's good money. No doubt of that. Good spending money."

"But Jack, hadn't we better save all we can of it?"

"No, we can't do that. The paper said we had to spend it or we would gum up the whole works. Of course we don't have to spend it today, but we ought to spend it before the next check comes."

"Well Jack, would it be O. K. if we spend half and use the other half to pay some of our debts? Won't it be grand if we can get out of debt?"

"I guess that's O. K., because whoever we pay it to will spend it. You know I understand there are about forty million voters. Think of every one of them spending twenty-five dollars each month. Why, Mary, that means about a billion dollars more business for the retail stores every month—whoopee!"

"Jack, won't they have to hire a lot more men to make all the things people will buy?"

"Gosh Mary, you're right. And Lord, how your eyes shine."

"Oh Jack, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I hope we are not dreaming but it's almost too good to be true. Don't pinch me dear, kiss me Jack. But, will we have to go to the voting place every month?"

"I don't think so. I understand they will mail them to us after this, but they have to check up on everybody and you have to answer a lot of questions that the man writes down on a card he has. I suppose it is to make sure every one gets the money and nobody gets paid who is not a voter."

"Jack, do you think it would be awfully wicked if we spent some on a little celebration? I can't think of anything we could be more thankful for."

"That's a good idea. We will be spending money and have a good time, and I'll bet there'll be lots of others. Climb into the old glad rags and let's go."

(To be continued next week)

Final Meeting of P. T. A.

On Thursday afternoon at three o'clock in the old auditorium at the Sunset School the Parent-Teachers' Association will hold its last regular meeting.

The program, a particularly interesting one, will be under the direction of Mrs. Karl Rendtorff. It will consist of talks by Miss Madeline Currey on music, Miss Elinor Shane Smith on Nature Study and Miss Althea Kendall on the special help needed by some children to adjust themselves to school.

A report of the convention held in Sacramento from May 1st to 4th will be given by Mrs. Daisy Taylor, delegate from Carmel to the convention.

* * *

Visiting day at the Monterey High School for all prospective eighth grade graduates will be held on May 25. The students will leave in the morning on the school busses with the regular high school students and will spend the entire day at learning the high school's methods and ways so they will be saved unnecessary trouble and embarrassment when they return as students this fall.

The Movies

"Beloved" with John Boles and Gloria Stuart was a pleasant surprise. The play was exceedingly well done. The music was excellent. John Boles' singing as usual was quite good. Unfortunately Gloria Stuart was only adequate. She did not manage to keep up the standard of the rest of the picture. The whole performance just missed greatness.

If you are interested in an authentic story of Alaska go and see "Eskimo," played with a native cast. It has been reported that "Wild Cargo" is exceedingly interesting if you like the wild animals of Africa and Asia. These two pictures seem to be the most outstanding for the coming week.

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The Way I See It

STATION WLO
BROADCASTING

Now there's some hope for the white collar man out of a job. It is reported that more than two hundred college and university professers have been put to work by the Roosevelt regime since March, 1933. They have been placed mainly in the alphabetical agencies and in the Treasury and Agricultural departments.

' ' '

The prompt apprehension and disposal of the two escaped San Quentin convicts by California officers is in striking contrast to the long run-around that Bad Boy Dillinger is giving the officers of three states. Evidently our marksmen are better, even though our peace guardians were no more successful than the Eastern man-hunters.

' ' '

"Believe It or Not." A check-up on reprimands administered and arrests made in Carmel for non-observance of auto traffic regulations shows that more resident Carmelites violate the rules, knowing them, than do sojourners, not knowing them. Can it be that we are careless, or don't care or think we can "get away with it." Anyway, let's be more careful.

' ' '

I read a short time ago that the difference between an optimist and a pessimist was the knowledge as to where the next meal was coming from. Generally speaking that draws it a little fine. Perhaps "where the next rent is coming from" would be nearer it. Happily it appears as if the economic pressure is by slow degrees becoming less onerous.

' ' '

Notwithstanding assurances that the Carmel City Council contemplated no changes in the personnel of appointive office-holders, there are persistent stories being whispered about that an attempt is being made by an appointed job holder to have one of his fellows removed. I cannot believe that the Council will stand for it.

' ' '

Convincing evidence of the efficacy of supervised recreational activities is at hand. Take note of the small number of children on Carmel streets after class-room hours. Every afternoon until near sundown boys and girls in large number may be seen at games on the spacious Sunset School grounds. Their parents know where they are and what they are doing.

The return of Gordon Davis to Carmel brings to mind the first play in which this versatile actor and producer appeared here. It was at the Forest Theater and the play was Miss Peabody's "The Pied Piper." He gave a splendid performance. In the cast were also Arthur Cyril and Ludovic Bremner.

' ' '

Of course there are those who believe that we should have no business licenses at all. However, if we must have them, I believe our city fathers have adopted the fairest method of assessing them that has yet been devised. Based upon income, the new license ordinance is a distinctive improvement over the old flat rate method.

' ' '

Carmelites! What are they? Where do they come from? What do they do? How does one qualify to become a Carmelite?

These and similar questions are frequently asked, even by old-timers. Replies to the questions are as numerous and as varied as the stars.

Suffice it to say that a full-fledged Carmelite is one who, knowing something of the social, historical, and artistic character of the community, tries to conform thereto. One who enters into the spirit of all worthy projects attempted.

A good Carmelite will show a fine discrimination in the matter of proposed public improvements, to the end that the scenic beauty of the village be in no way impaired or marred.

A true Carmelite will always resent sensational oral and printed stories which reflect unfavorably upon the community or its people. He will discourage attempts of unscrupulous persons or interests to exploit the village for ulterior purposes.

In fine, a thorough Carmelite is a person who, loving the place where he lives, promotes by word and deed the glory of Carmel.

A good Carmelite is a good citizen.

—W. L. O.

' ' '

Only two sites are under consideration for the proposed new Post Office lease, the one being the building now in use and the other the store in the Murphy Building at the corner of Ocean Avenue and Mission Street.

Plymouth

GIVES THE WORLD THE CAR DESIGN OF TOMORROW TODAY!

●

An engineer recently stated that if everyone were to drive their cars backwards they would be able, not only to save gasoline, but to increase their maximum speed . . . due to the method of streamlining the rear of car bodies

●

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John Anderson

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Notes on Science

BY WILHELM HERMANN MEYER-KUSTER

Soaring flight of birds was discussed before; now we shall see how our most efficient form of flight was systematically developed therefrom.

About the middle of the last century, Otto Lilienthal conducted a large number of meteorological observation in different parts of Germany. He was primarily concerned with the wind directions at different altitudes in relation to the terrain. His data were carefully recorded and are still in use.

Lilienthal then concluded that the possibility of "heavier than air" flight rests entirely with the efficiency of the flying apparatus. His observations had shown that a soaring bird loses altitude in still air in definite proportion to his lateral advance. The "sinking velocity" is thus established for a certain flying mechanism and velocity of advance. If, now, this sinking velocity does not excede the "up wind" velocity, flight can be sustained indefinitely.

As an example may be cited the case where a bird or a soaring plane hovers in the air, apparently motionless. Naturally, it is not possible for an object under the influence of a force, such as gravity, to remain motionless, unless an opposing force of equal magnitude is active. The opposing force in this case is supplied by the upwind. The bird or plane is at rest only with respect to the observer, but is advancing in relation to the air, which is rushing past it.

If the wind velocity increases, the upwind velocity also increases and the result is that our object rises and flies backwards from the standpoint of the observer. Since the upwind velocity decreases with increasing altitude, a definite limit exists for the altitude to which the plane can rise on the energy of the rising current.

Lilienthal conducted a number of successful flights in his gliders. The further development of this form of flight was slow but interest in it never died. A new era of motorless flight in Germany was brought about by the treaty of Versailles, which restricted the execution of power aviation severely.

Aviation enthusiasts throughout the nation formed organizations for the promotion and execution of motorless flight.

Universities and technical institutes took prominent positions among these groups.

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Gliders were designed and tested along scientific lines of procedure. All available information was critically used. Various departments of the respective institutions collaborated in an effort to produce the "perfect" motorless airplane.

The next article will give a description of this stage of development.

* * *

Watch for next week's article.

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Mother's Day
Sunday

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